THE DEMOCRAT.

B. H. ADAMS, Publisher.

CAPE GIRARDEAU, - MISSOURI.

GRANDMOTHER'S KEEPSAKES.

It is only a dark green pasteboard box,
Tied up with a bit of string;
But we all love it; in our eyes
It is a sacred thing.
The corners are ragged, the cover is thin,
But grandmother kept her keepsakes within.

How well I recall her caressing touch
As she gently fondled them o'er:
Her face so sweet sometimes grew sad,
Though she prized them more and more.
We children loved the treasures old,
And knew by heart the stories they told.

There is a picture in its case,
Of grandmother's soldier brother;
An only son was he and brave,
And tender to his mother.
But he obeyed his country's call,
And he fought like a hero—only to fall.

And this is the first gift grandfather gave
To his sweetheart long ago;
A curious little cedar box,
Carved by himself, I know.
It holds a brooch, a well-worn ring,
And some fancy buttons on a string.

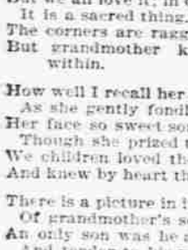
The fancy buttons came from a coat
Of her little boy that died;
And these are the first shoes Uncle John wore;
With ribbon they are tied.
Her first silver thimble, all worn smooth,
And a quilt patch pieced by a friend of her youth.

This faded needle-case of silk—
What think you is in there?
Fastened to papers yellow with age,
Are baby locks of hair.
"Finer than silk," my grandmother said,
And there's one gray lock from grandfather's head.

—R. E. Parmele, in Farmers' Union.

HOT RACE FOR HIS BRIDE.

BY ERNEST McGAFFEY.



BEFORE the big bridge was stretched from St. Louis to East St. Louis the river trade was at its height, and steamboats lined the levee from north to south for a long distance. The James Howard, the Robert E. Lee, the Golden Eagle, War Eagle, and dozens of other boats, side-wheelers and stern-wheelers, plied the river from St. Louis to New Orleans, and carried passengers and freight up the Ohio as well, and there was also a line of Missouri river boats.

The Tom Benton, one of the Missouri river packets, was a trim-built steamboat of the sidewheel pattern, and a favorite passenger boat on account of the popularity of her captain. Everyone in St. Louis who had any business up the Missouri would wait over a day or two if by so doing they could catch the Tom Benton. A Mississippi river packet at that time was a perfect marvel of cleanliness, comfort and elegance so far as her upper decks were concerned. Parlors draped with the costliest furnishings, grand piano, mirrors, brass hand rails down the stairs, everything polished to a glitter; it was a luxury to travel on a good boat that the unhappy occupant of a sleeping car never attains to.

And then it was such a lazy delight in the daytime, lolling in the shade, watching the life on the river and along the shores, occasionally climbing up to the pilot house to exchange a few words with the king in charge there and for the rest a little music, a smooth, easy motion, the ever-varying panorama of sky, water, land and air.

Capt. Carter, of the Tom Benton, was a widower with one daughter. Sally Carter was as pretty a girl as ever whirled in the mazes of a waltz or twirled a fan at bewildered adorers, and if the captain did worship anything on earth next to his boat it was "My daughter Sally," and if the captain hated anything worse than he did the captain and the pilot of the rival Missouri river packet, the Silver Crescent, his friends had been unable to find it out.

The captain, indeed, "Old Ned Powers," as he called him, was not so much an object of Capt. Carter's wrath, as of his derision and contempt. But the pilot, "Dandy Jim" Taliaferro (pronounced Tolliver), he hated with a consuming, silent rage. For Taliaferro knew the river—that is, both the Mississippi and the Missouri—as a virtuoso

AN INTRODUCTION FOLLOWED.

knows the keyboard of his piano, and he never grew careless and lost his mental grip of the situation.

It was a curious knowledge, this pilot lore, born of days and nights and years on the river, the most acute and watchful observation, keen eyes to detect signs that passed unnoticed to an unpracticed sight and a memory marvelous in its scope and accuracy. Much patience, too, and a sixth sense of subtle river craft that divined things like a seer. And "Dandy Jim" was 26, tall, handsome, with the most immaculate of white shirt fronts, where glistened a perfect bull's-eye of a diamond. He was paid $350 a month and was really a much more important personage than the captain. River men used to say: "The Benton for a captain and the Crescent for a pilot."

It was just this that made Carter so bitter. Three times had the Tom Benton been aground when the Silver Crescent came gliding by with the people on board of her yelling, cheering and laughing at the pilot of the rival craft, the women waving handkerchiefs and the "rousters," even, on the lower deck, joining in the fun. And up in the pilot house, cool, serene, perfectly groomed, Dandy Jim stood at the wheel, oblivious to everything but his business, never by any chance showing that he knew there was such a boat as the Tom Benton on the river.

And Sally, loyal to her father and proud of her father's boat, hated the Crescent and shared in the bitterness against Taliaferro.

One of the chambermaids on the Tom Benton was Mary Drakeson. Mary lived in Clabber alley in St. Louis when she was at home, and one time during her river career she had worked on the Crescent. Here she had heard great tales of "Dandy Jim's" genius as a pilot and of his proficiency as a singer, dancer and of his banjo playing. And after hearing him sing one song while the boat was tied up at St. Louis on an occasion of Capt. Powers' wife coming on board she conceived a wild admiration for him. "Mars Dandy Jim" was to be a veritable god.

On the Tom Benton she had the same ecstatic admiration of "Miss Sally." And secretly she thought that "Mars Dandy Jim" and "Miss Sally" would make the finest couple in the world. So she bemoaned the enmity between the two boats, and one day while Miss Sally was going down the river on the Benton Mary ventured to remark: "You doan know Mars Dandy Jim, does you, Miss Sally?" To which Miss Sally answered, majestically: "No, indeed. "He say de captain of de Tom Benton de best man on de river; de ideel captain, Mars Jim say," continued Mary. "Oh, well, Mary," said Miss Sally, "never mind what you hear," and she turned away. But the words had struck home. She had always imagined the rival pilot abhating her father and the Benton as heartily as possible. Even in her father's bitterness, however, she recollected that he had time and again admitted the infinite superiority of Tolliver over any other man on the river.

So little by little the subject of "Dandy Jim" became a favorite topic between Mary, who always looked after Miss Sally, and her mistress whenever she took the trips with her father, and Mary sang his praises with a most cunning tongue.

One night there was a masked ball at the house of one of Miss Sally's friends and Miss Sally attended as Cleopatra. One of her most persistent admirers was a tall figure attired as Mephistopheles. After the masks were removed she recognized with a tremor of fear and curiosity the feature of Tolliver in Mephisto's garb. An introduction followed, and it seemed as if "Dandy Jim" and "Miss Sally" fell in love at first sight. For the fleeting glances at the pilot perched away up in his little pilot house were not to be reckoned.

They met again and again, always at the houses of mutual friends, and finally, when the crash came, they exchanged the usual headstrong and emotionally surcharged vows of youthful lovers. The next morning early Tolliver started for his boat and paused on the rough cobblestones of the river front to mark again the picture he had so often seen. Boats were lying all along the river bank, outside of and next to the wharf boats, and being rapidly loaded with freight. Long lines of cotton bales were strung across the levee, together with heaps of bar iron and piles of pig lead. Coops of chickens, hoop poles, thousands of barrels of flour, sugar, molasses, whisky and other merchandise were heaped and scattered all around. Some gulls were flying around one of the wharf boats and a flock of pigeons were picking up scattered grain near a bale. He stood and pondered. Then he walked down to the Silver Crescent, went aboard of her and learned that she would not go until three o'clock p. m. instead of eight a. m., as had been the original intention.

His mind was filled with the events of the preceding night. He was very much in love and he realized that Capt. Carter would rather shoot his daughter than to let her marry "Dandy Jim Tolliver," the rival pilot on the river boat in the rival trade on the Big Muddy, as the Missouri was facetiously called.

Why not end it right now, he thought. Get Sally, stop off at Beckett's landing, hunt up the Baptist minister, get married and have done with it. Capt. Carter would never give his consent. And he was a cruel man, was Carter, thought young Tolliver, and his eyes lit with a first-time hatred of a man who could be, as he deemed it, so obstinate.

So he went back to his boarding house, dispatched a messenger to Miss Sally, and in half an hour met her at the house of her best friend. Here he made his plea with the eloquence of a man in earnest and in love.

"We might wait a century, Sally," he said, "to get your father's forgiveness. Let us do our waiting together." And after awhile the girl consented to go. Her friend agreed to accompany them, for she secretly thought Capt. Carter was a tyrant and that Mr. Tolliver was a veritable knight errant, rescuing the fair maiden from the clutches of the proverbial dragon. So she and Miss Sally, heavily veiled and quite unrecognizable to their intimate acquaintances, were driven down to the Silver Crescent and went aboard. The Tom Benton lay farther down the river about a block. At three o'clock the Silver Crescent footed, backed, swung out from the wharf boat and began to pound her way vigorously up stream toward the mouth of the Missouri, some 20 miles distant.

About two o'clock of the same day Capt. Carter met a friend of his who said with a smile: "So you and the rival packet are getting friendly?" "In what respect?" said the captain, briefly. "Why, Miss Sally and Mr. Tolliver appear to be great friends, aren't they, and—" "Out with it," said Carter, grasping the other's wrist till it ached, "what do you mean?"

An explanation followed that sent most of the captain's blood surging to his temples. His daughter and that scoundrel! "Oh, he would shoot him dead at sight." He hastened home. Miss Sally? "She had gone over to Miss Susie's Miss Axtell's, sah." The distracted parent rushed over to the Axtell household, rang the bell and it was answered by a giggling darky girl, Julie, about 14 years old. "Miss Sally? Oh! yes, sah, gone away with Miss Susie and Mars Dandy Jim to Beckett's Landing. Dey's gwine git married, I reckon, he! he!" grinned and chattered the girl.

The captain did not waste a minute. He got into a hack and was driven to his boat at a gallop, regardless of one or two shouting minions of the law. Once on her decks and he was himself again, cool, determined and a perfect fiend for energy. He stopped the loading of the boat, got her off and away after the Silver Crescent and was fairly on the way with his daughter and her lover only a scant three-quarters of an hour the start of him. He issued his orders in trumpet tones.

"Smash up that rosin in the hole. Pile in that lard, boys. Anything to catch the Crescent. We've got to get her before she reaches Beckett's." He cursed and commanded in swift alteration, but never losing his head. He sent his negro boy for his double-barreled shotgun, drew the loads of fine shot, substituted buckshot and capping the weapon walked the decks with it, his face set in an implacable resolve. He would kill Tolliver, he muttered, like a dog, but he would forgive Sally. It was all this scoundrel's fault. He was trying to revenge himself upon him (Carter) by striking at him through the child. He writhed with the thought for an instant and then became steady and cold.

At a bend of the river the Crescent came in sight, and the view of her put new life into the captain, and he threw a terrible vigor into his commands, emphasized with the menacing shotgun that sent the frightened darkies skurrying here and there like rabbits from a brush heap.

But those on board the Crescent were not idle in the meantime. Everything portable and combustible was brought to the furnaces and fed regardless of everything but to make speed.

Their course now lay up the Mississippi, and the Tom Benton was gaining slowly. But she was gaining surely, and it was apparent that the Silver Crescent was going to stop at Beckett's Landing and settle the matter there. Dandy Jim's partner was in the pilot-house and Jim himself, with a double-barreled rifle, was superintending the furnaces.

THE TOM BENTON BLEW UP.

The Crescent gained the landing first and swung into the wharf. The two girls were in their stateroom fearful of what would happen when the men met. the Tom Benton slowed up as she came toward the other boat, and Capt. Carter was seen standing alone, gun in hand, on the forward deck. The bells jingled aboard of the Benton, the boat's nose touched the wharf, there was a bump, a shudder, and then with a terrific roar, a blaze of fire through black clouds of smoke and a scattering of timber and debris the Tom Benton blew up.

Curses, cries and shouts resounded through the air. The crew of the Crescent, which boat was set on fire by the explosion, worked manfully to rescue those of the other boat, who were in the water. The Tom Benton sank rapidly till she grounded with her upper decks out of water. One-third of her crew were lost, and as for Capt. Carter, he came to the surface some two weeks later with a death-grip on the shotgun in his hand.—Chicago Chronicle.

An English Doctor's Mistake.

The most eminent doctors are liable to make mistakes of diagnosis on occasion. But, however able a doctor may be, one distrusts his power of entering a cell at a police station and pronouncing at a glance whether a man is drunk or not. A case of this kind came before the Marylebone magistrate recently. A cabman was arrested for being drunk while in charge of his cab; he asked to see a doctor; the doctor came, looked at him, pronounced the single word "drunk," and went away again. Mr. Plowden most properly marked his sense of this kind of examination by discharging the cabman and disallowing the doctor's expenses.—London Chronicle.

—Sudden change of diet is sometimes dangerous. During the revolutionary war soldiers from the southern states became mysteriously ill when marched into the north. They longed for fat bacon, and most of them recovered when this was served out to them as part of their rations.

—Tully was not so eloquent as thou, thou nameless column with the buried base.—Byron.

OUR BOYS IN ATHENS.

The Stars and Stripes at the Post of Honor—Brilliant Compliment to Americans.

The triumphs of the "barbarians" in the Olympic games are in general gallantly recognized by the spectators. At the entrance of the stadium there is a flagpole, at the foot of which the number of the victor is recorded at the close of each contest, and at the top of which the flag of his country is raised. This is an ingenious idea, which clearly marks the international character of the games. In turn the colors of all the great European nations have floated from this high post of honor; but the flag that has appeared there most frequently was the starry banner of the United States. And this is perfectly natural, because the Americans were the first to become enthusiastic over the Olympic games, and they were the only people who never had a doubt of their success.

The two teams which they sent to Athens displayed from the very commencement their athletic value, and especially the superiority of their training. The astonished Athenians suspected that they were professionals. They could not imagine that the young men with muscles so docile were students, eager to return to their studies, while modestly delighted at the thought that they have heightened the prestige of their universities.

When the American flag is unfurled in the stadium, extraordinary scenes are enacted. Above, on the highest rows, sailors jump up, wave their caps and cheer in the wildest fashion. They are the crews of the federal cruiser San Francisco. And below, near the famous souterrain where to-day, as in the days of old, the athletes enter and come out, there is a group that makes the most unearthly noise. This group is made up of the members of American teams and their friends of the American school at Athens, who greet the champion with the rallying cry of his club or of his college. Each transatlantic association has a distinctive cry, formed for the most part by the syllables of its name or by its initials, which are shouted out in measured time. Sailors and students join in these cries, moved by the same outburst of enthusiastic patriotism. At first the spectators laugh, but finally they applaud, because they find that the joy is sincere, and that the enthusiasm of youth runs all through these discordant manifestations.

The Olympic games do not constitute the first contact between America and Greece. There are other ties between them and distant lands besides those of the Cook tickets and the globe trotters. Americans, more perhaps than Europeans, look upon a pilgrimage to the Acropolis as the supreme satisfaction of every man of culture, and they regard it as the most abundant source of mental improvement. They are not imprisoned like us under the ruins of the Roman empire, so heavy and so complicated. They understand more easily the aerial organization of that ancient democracy of which their own presents more than one of resemblance. Under the impulse of this impression, they have founded in Athens a school of archaeology. This is a thing which is little known outside of Greece; and even here in Greece they do not appear to appreciate its far-reaching importance. The American colony established on the slopes of the Lykabettos, sustained by the voluntary contributions of American citizens, and devoted solely to science, opens up to the future of the United States infinite perspectives.—Journal des Debats.

THE CZAR IS PROVIDENCE.

The Russian Peasant's Faith in His Sovereign's Omnipotence.

A man who was present at the coronation of the late czar says that he has kept like a never-to-be-forgotten vision the memory of the ecstasy of the crowd prostrated at the threshold of the church where the holy mystery was taking place.

"I recall," he adds, "a certain little, old woman whose extraordinary fervor drew tears to our eyes. Over her dirty dress she carried a ragged bag, which contained, doubtless, a piece of black bread. She was evidently from some distant province, and had been walking for a month or more, living on alms, sleeping in a stable with the cattle, impelled by a mysterious force. Perhaps she was fulfilling a vow, perhaps her poor, distorted brain pictured Moscow as a place of felicity, a paradise, where the unhappy would be cured of their sorrows. Squatted in the mud, her hands clasping a shepherd's staff, she was gazing fixedly before her. Her wrinkled face of waxlike color was transfigured with enthusiasm. Her lips murmured a prayer, but her eyes were gazing into Heaven. There was in this eye a superhuman expression, sad and serene at the same time. This was dead to all thought, to all sentiment of real life; she existed as in a dream. Touched with pity, I approached her and slipped a ruble into her hand. Without a glance at him who bestowed this fortune, the old woman evidently believed that a miracle had been accomplished, tears ran down her cheeks, and she extended her arms toward the Father, toward the czar, to whom she attributed this benefit."—Courrier des Etats-Unis.

Much Relieved.

Mrs. Society—Mercy on me! Don't you know that man your daughter is going to marry?

Mr. Meek—No—o. I've been afraid to ask her.

Mrs. Society—He's a prize-fighter, a regular tough. He's fought a score of men, and half killed a dozen women.

Mr. Meek (much relieved) — Oh! Then he's all right. I was afraid he was some poor lamb like myself.—N. Y. Weekly.

Miscalled.

Judge—What is your Christian name, Mr. Glim?

Glim—Robert Ingersoll.

Judge—What! Do you call that a Christian name?—Bay City Chat.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin alone of all the British universities refuse to grant degrees to women.

—Durham university has granted the honorary degree of doctor of divinity to Rev. Sukius Baronian, archpriest of the Armenians in England.

—Camillo Mazzella, and his twin brother, Mgr. Ernesto Mazzella, archbishop of Bari, are 63 years old. The archbishop's coadjutor is his nephew, Mgr. Orazio Mazzella, who is only 36.

—At St. George's Episcopal church, New York, on Easter Sunday the choir of vested women walked down the aisles in procession, with the vested choir of men and boys singing the beautiful Easter anthems.

—England is once more afflicted with bogus diplomas, purporting to be issued by American universities. The latest of these frauds calls itself the "National University of Illinois" (Universitas Nationalis Illinoiensis). Its offices are in London.

—Germany is now the best educated nation on the continent, yet only 100 years ago German teachers in many parts of the country were so poorly paid that they used to sing in front of houses in order to add to their income by odd pence.

—There were 16,606 students in attendance at Russian universities at the beginning of the year, divided as follows: Moscow, 3,888; St. Petersburg, 2,625; Kieve, 2,244; Helsingfors in Finland, 1,875; Dorpat in Livonia, 1,654; Warsaw, 1,335; Kharkev, 1,200; Kezan, 825; Odessa, 555, and Tomsk in Siberia, 405.

—In the private chapel at Windsor castle, which is octagonal in shape, with a lantern roof, the queen's pew is in the gallery, in the division next to the organ loft. The household sit below, the women on one side and the men on the other. There is a choir of three men and two boys, drawn from St. George's chapel.

—B. Laroche, the new resident-general in Madagascar, has asked the superior of the Trappists in Algeria to send Catholic missionaries to Madagascar, promising land grants, free passage and and the special protection of the government. The compliment to the Trappists is the greatest in that M. Laroche is probably the last person who has been excommunicated by the Catholic church, owing to his evicting the religious orders at Montpelier and that he has lately turned Protestant.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH HUMOR.

Radical Differences Which Each Race Finds Difficulty in Reconciling.

Beyond a question there is a distinct difference between American and British humor. To most Americans London Punch is indescribably dreary, yet to the average Britain it is the funniest paper published. Per contra, the Englishman seldom enjoys an American joke, and our comic papers are as a rule senseless to him. As an illustration of these national characteristics Charles W. Brooke, a prominent lawyer, recalls the experience of Charles W. Browne, better known as Artemus Ward, one of the first of American humorists. "It was a singular thing that Ward, while he captured the British public in his first lecture, made a complete failure when he became a member of the staff of London Punch, he being, I believe, the only American who was ever employed upon that publication. He began his first lecture in the British capital by praising warmly the hospitality of the people of London. In glowing terms he described the picture which had been drawn for him in America of the warmth of the greeting which would be extended to him when he had crossed the Atlantic. 'But,' he added, 'the realization has far exceeded the anticipation. Since I have been in London I have been amazed beyond measure at the hospitalities of which I have been the recipient. Why, I assure you that even every time I have left a cab a hand has been extended to me—for a shilling.' The newspapers at that time related that first there were a few smiles upon the faces in the London audience, then some one tittered, after that a few people laughed, and in about half a minute the entire audience was in a roar. From that time a laugh followed everything he said. His work on Punch, however, the British people were incapable of appreciating; even his delightful description of his visit to the tower of London, in which, in a reminiscent mood, he spoke about his puritan ancestors and told how they had traveled to a bleak and foreign shore, where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and prevent every other man from worshiping according to the dictates of his. That sort of real humor was too subtle for the Londoner."—Philadelphia Times.

Canine Strategy.

Dogs are allowed to roam at large in Madagascar, and in their frequent excursions they have constantly to pass over the streams of this swampy island. Here they are waylaid by those horrid alligators, which regard a dog as a dainty morsel. This is how the canine quadrupeds contrive to dodge the "cocandrilles," as the French linesmen call them. They will assemble in a pack of half a dozen or more near the bank of the river, and commence barking with all their might. Whereupon shoals of alligators are seen converging to the spot in eager expectation of a copious feast. When all the alligators of the neighborhood are got together the dogs start off at a gallop and cross the river in safety 200 or 300 yards up stream. A remarkable proof this of the instinct and intelligence of animals.—Revue Anecdotique.

A Thoughtful Creditor.

Hobson—Wilkes, you remember that fifty I loaned you two years ago—

Wilkes—You are not going to press a friend for payment, are you."

Hobson—Certainly not. Take your time. I only wish to borrow it for awhile.—Bay City Chat.

CHURCHES IN RUINS.

Long List of Holy Edifices Razed by the Cyclone—Sixteen Costly Church Houses in the Neighborhood of Lafayette Park Either Partially or Totally Destroyed, Entailing Losses Aggregating a Quarter of a Million.

ST. LOUIS, May 30—Following is a list of houses of worship ruined and damaged by the tornado.

Churches.	Estimated losses.
Lafayette Park Presbyterian	$16,000
Lafayette Park Methodist	15,000
Lafayette Park Baptist	8,000
Church of the Unity	10,000
Mount Calvary Episcopal	20,000
Memorial German M. E.	20,000
Holy Cross, Saxon	12,000
Compton Hill Congregational	1,000
Compton Heights Christian	1,000
St. Henry's Catholic	10,000
St. Paul's Evangical	20,000
Trinity Lutheran	18,000
St. Vincent's Catholic	3,000
SS. Peter and Paul	30,000
St. John's Episcopal	13,000
Annunciation, Catholic	18,000

Over forty St. Louis churches were smitten by the elements Wednesday night.

Rain poured into the unroofed buildings, flooded the basements and ruined the furniture.

Falling steeples added to the general havoc.

Nearly every church near the desolate districts that escaped damage is used for hospital and shelter purposes.

The houses of worship around Lafayette park, all of them of the costliest kind, felt the blow more than the others.

The Presbyterian church at Missouri and Albion was damaged. Rev. S. C. Palmer is its pastor. His home, at the eastern front of the park, was demolished. The roof of the church landed near the center of Lafayette park. The church was of rough stone, and its Sunday-school is, next to Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, the largest in the United States.

Lafayette Park M. E. church, Rev. S. C. Werlein, pastor, at Missouri and Lafayette, was partly ruined by the falling steeple. The pink stone walls littered the vacant lot on the north, as well as the auditorium. This church is noted for the sociability of its young people.

On the north side of the park, corner of Armstrong and Park, is the Church of the Unity. This is a white stone building, rather small, and is on an elevation. The roof was lifted off and deposited in sections in the park.

Southeast of the park is the Baptist church, at Lafayette and Mississippi, a brick building, which sustained about $8,000 damage. The Baptist Orphans' home, immediately east, was partly wrecked.

Southwest of Lafayette park, Mt. Calvery Episcopal church, Rev. P. Fauntleroy rector, at Jefferson and Lafayette, was entirely wrecked. Part of it is on the Union club and the rest of it covers the street car tracks.

Following Jefferson avenue south, the Memorial M. E. church of brick, corner of Accomac, was leveled.

Smaller churches and parochial schools, with damaged fronts, can be seen further south, and at Miami street the old Saxon church of the Holy Cross is a heap of ruins.

The Concordia seminary and the publishing house are well battered up.

North and west from Lafayette park, St. Kevin's church, on Park and Cardinal, escaped unscathed. Compton Hill Congregational church, Lafayette and Compton, had its cornice and part of the roof sheeting detached; Compton Heights Christian church, St. Vincent and California, lost many bricks, and the Episcopal church, on Grand and Lafayette, suffered slightly.

St. Henry's church, California and Caroline, is wrecked.

Rumor has it that a priest and some nuns are still under the ruins.

East of Lafayette park there are a number of German families that will lose thousands of dollars.

At Ninth and Lafayette is St. Paul's Evangelical church, Pastor Jacob Irons, of which only about 15 feet of wall remains. The monster steeple crumbled like dust.

Trinity Lutheran church, Eighth and Lafayette, shared the fate of all high structures and collapsed. Pastor Hanser lives next door and his family narrowly escaped destruction.

St. Vincent's church, Ninth and Park, did not lose its steeple, though there are no trimmings thereon. Like a lone sentinel it stands a mute witness to the general leveling of man's handiwork.

St. Peter and St. Paul's Catholic church, probably the wealthiest German congregations in the city, is desolate compared with the grandeur that the parishioners boasted of before the tornado.

St. John's Episcopal church at Hickory and Dolman is minus its steeples and a wing. Expenses of repairing will amount to $13,000.

The German school at Eighth and Marion was gutted.

The Annunciation parish at Sixth and La Salle is a heavy loser. The steeples fell, and besides crushing the adjoining row injured Father Head and Miss Head.

Steamers Lost.

Thirty-five boats, including steam packets, excursion, ferry, tow and other river craft, were wrecked or sunk. The total loss is roughly computed at $402,000.

Comptroller Sturgeon says that the damage to buildings of city institutions is about $600,000.

Flooded with Newspaper Correspondents.

St. Louis is flooded with newspaper correspondents. Four hundred newspaper representatives have sent out hundreds of thousands of words descriptive of the storm's work.

In this way the wild rumors of Wednesday night are being contradicted. Thursday morning, from New York to San Francisco, people read that all St. Louis had been laid low; that the Exposition and convention auditorium were wiped out. Now they are learning the truth and that is bad enough.